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with vinegar, or whisky, or salt and water; it might smart a little at first, to be sure, and make him grin and roar somewhat, but it would be well in no time! But in the midst of his badinage, Miss O'Brien missed her parasol, and he was obliged to run back to the drawing-room to look for it.

As soon as he had disappeared within the hall door, O'Gorman sprang to his feet, and, drawing the parasol from the breast of his coat, tendered it, and his arm, to the young lady, saying, with the greatest exultation, "Hoaxed, by jingo! alas! poor Sweeny. Come, Miss Kate, your brother is so taken up with Miss O'Donnell, that he can't attend to any thing, or any body. Never mind your mother; she can't bawl out at us, you know; and if she attempted to scold, she'd be voted out. I've got Sharpe's gig—come, jump up, and we'll have such a day! Oh! but haven't I done them all brown! Hurrah for Howth, and the sky over it! Oh! you little darling," added he, restraining himself with considerable difficulty from giving her a hug and a kiss, as she laughingly complied with his invitation, and seated herself with him in the gig, just as Sweeny returned, protesting himself unable to find the parasol, "oh, it got tired waiting for you, and came of itself. But I say, Sweeny, capital receipt that of yours for sore shins; quite cured mine in a moment—first application. Hollo! here, you will probably want a pocket handkerchief during the day; I'll lend you one;" and Bob threw him his own. "I picked his pocket in the drawing-room," said he, turning to his delighted companion; "I was determined that he should go back for something; and here's yours, which I secured also. Now, then, if we follow those rumbling machines, we shall be smothered with dust, so we had better show them the way." Chick, chick—and poor Mrs O'Brien could scarcely believe her eyes when she saw her daughter whirl past her in a gig with one of the most incorrigible scapegraces in the University.

He took good care that they should not be recalled, for he was out of sight in a twinkling; nor did the party get a view of him again until they had passed Clontarf, when they found him walking the horse quietly, in order that they might overtake him.

But I must postpone detailing the subsequent events of that memorable day until the next number, having already occupied more than my share of space. NAISI.

SUMMER FLOWERS,

A CITIZEN'S LAMENT,

Away with summer flow'rs,

Twine not the wreath for me,

Unbind the myrtle from the rose,

And pansy, emblem of repose,

Far let them scattered be;

The best, the loveliest, let them part,

Their very sweetness breaks my heart.

Away with summer flow'rs,

Let sunshine cease to glow,

Bring back the days of sombre hue,

And heav'n without a glimpse of blue,

And earth in vest of snow.

Then weave the green perfum'd bough
In fadeless verdure for my brow.

To see the length'ning days,

To feel the glowing hours,

As step by step, the smiling spring

Steals on her bright and glorious wing,

And strews our path with flow'rs;

This may be joy, but me it sends

Warnings of banishment to friends.

Soon as the rose's bloom

Breaks up the social tie,

And those whom winter gather'd round

The cheering hearth, no more are found,

But east and west they fly;

Some roam the mountain, some the deep,

But, ah! leave those at home to weep.

'Midst winter's sullen blast,

How many a friendly band

Cheered the dark moments as they passed,

And bid me think they fled too fast

While circled hand in hand;

But summer breaks the charming spell,

And makes me feel, I lov'd too well!

Now, 'midst the fairest glow,

The scene with clouds is drear,

And empty mansions crowd the street,

No hand to beckon, eye to greet,

Or friendly voice to cheer;

The colony of love is shaken,

And summer leaves our hall forsaken!

Away, then, summer flowers!

Thou glowing rose, away!

Come let me wreath the gloomy bowers

With cypress bathed in stormy showers,

Where sunbeams never stray;

But let the flow'r of snowy crest

Impart its chillness to my breast.

EQUIVOCAL GENTLEMEN.

EQUIVOCAL GENTLEMEN! Pray, who are they? Why, they are rather a curious class of persons. But if you are in the habit of noting character, we rather think you must know them. They are to be seen in every city, and almost in every town.

The equivocal gentleman has, in general manner and bearing, and, as far as a very limited exchequer will allow, in dress also, a curious smack of the real gentleman about him, of whom he is, altogether, a sort of amusing caricature. His pretensions are high, very high, and, conscious of the doubtfulness of his claims, always noisy and obtrusive. He endeavours to bully the world into respect for him. But it won't do. When he turns his back, the world winks one of its eyes, and says, with a knowing smile, "that's a queer sort of chap." It doesn't, in fact, know what to make of him—how to class him. It has, however, a pretty good notion that, with all the equivocal gentleman's pretension, he has by no means an unlimited command of the circulating medium.

And this is not an incorrect notion. Scarcity of funds is, in truth, at the bottom of all the equivocal gentleman's difficulties, as, indeed, it is of almost all those of every body else. He, however, may be emphatically said to be born of a warfare between his poverty and "gentility."

It is, of course, in the matter of dress that the equivocal gentleman is most anxious to establish his claim to be considered a genuine article; and it is in this matter, too, that his peculiar position in the world is made most manifest; dress being in his particular case, as it is less or more in all others, a strongly marked and faithful expression of character.

The struggle here, then, to keep matters right, is dreadful. None but himself knows how dreadful—none but himself knows the thousand shifts and expedients he is compelled to have recourse to, to maintain appearances in this most important and most troublesome department.

First, of the hat. It is a merciless and unfeeling hat; for it is obstinately hastening to decay, though it well knows that its sorely perplexed owner does not know where on earth to get another. See what a watching and tending it requires to keep it from becoming absolutely unfit for the public eye, as the headpiece of a gentleman! Why, the watching and tending of a new-born infant is nothing to it.

Consider how carefully it must be examined round and round every morning, that no new outward symptom of decay has made itself manifest. Consider the brushing, the smoothing down, the inking of corners and rims, the coaxing and wheedling, by softly squeezing it this way, and gently pulling it that, to induce it to keep as near as possible to its original shape. Nay, desperate attempts may sometimes be detected to make it assume yet a smarter form, in defiance of decay and dilapidation.

Then, there is the stock. Stitching and inking again, with careful daily supervision. Then there is— But we need enlarge no further on this part of our subject.

But, mark, reader! every thing about the equivocal gentleman is not in this state of seediness. He would not be the equivocal gentleman at all, if this were the case. Some of the particulars of his outward man are good—in fact, stylish—and it is this incongruity that makes him out, that makes him what he is, and which so much puzzles you to class him when you see him.

The equivocal gentleman *always* manages to have one or two of the component parts of his dress of unimpeachable quality, but *never* can manage to have the whole in this palmy state. There is always something wrong—something below